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Innsbruck; Grave of Maximilian.

and peasants were able to appear on a footing of equality with the nobility. Friedl's action conferred on Tyrol a democratic constitution, the like of which was not seen elsewhere on the Continent for many centuries.

With this Duke Friedrich ("Friedl") began Tyrol's period of greatness. The then very important North-South line —from Augsburg and Nürnberg to Venice—and the protection afforded by its mountains, made it the treasure store of the Empire. Brown Market became famous throughout Europe. On the union of Schwaz was founded the power of the Fuggers.

Friedrich's son, Sigmund the "Münzreiche" ("the Rich in Coin"), was considered to be the richest prince of his day. The Münzturm ("Mint Tower") in Hall, the casino of Sigmundskron near Schwaz and Sigmundsburg near Bozen are memories both of his name and of his jovial extravagance.

Tyrol reached its zenith during the reign of Maximilian I. The Emperor loved the Province above all else; he formally gave it the proud description "Heart and Shield of our Empire"—the Empire on which, his followers, Karl the Fifth, could boast, the sun never set.

It is not as the last of the knights of Europe that he will always be remembered by the people of Tyrol, but as one of themselves, a bold hunter, mountaineer and courteous gentleman. Tyrolese legend has the Emperor Max rescued from peril in the mountains on the Martinswand by an angel in the guise of a Tyrolese peasant. The cave in the sheer cliff is still shown from which he could have found no way out save for divine assistance.

By the Goldenes Dachl which he built—legend attributes it to Friedl of the Empty Pocket—and by his tomb in the Hofkirche, Maximilian has ensured that for all time Innsbruck will be held in honour as his residential

Münzturm in Hall-in-Tyrol.

VILLAGE AND FARM. The Tyrolese 361
mountains are impresaive, but Switzerland has these too, still more impresaive ones (with the exception of the Dolomites in South Tyrol, which cannot be compared with any other range). Tyrolese towns and villages have a character which is all their own, showing a strong community feeling. Note for example the varied and original treatment of the dormer window. Nothing is more typical and characteristic than the Tyrolese village and the Tyrolese farm.

Sometimes huddled together, sometimes loosely scattered, the farmhouses are grouped about the church whose slender tower with gothic spire or baroque dome seems to gather together the surrounding buildings, directing them towards the heavens. Even more closely than the living do the dead crowd about the church. Honourable 361 764

Hall-in-Tyrol.

men, all of them, as the inscriptions on the crosses of iron or wood testify, yet as in life grouped according to rank and precedence.

For the living it is a comfort to have the dead among them; for the dead, to continue to play a part in life. The sound of church bells calling to early mass starts the day; only the goatherd's horn has summoned the herds even earlier. At eleven in the morning the bell calls to dinner, and with the vesper bell the day is ended. The tolling of the bell marks out each working week, and marks out the year according to the festivals of the Church.

Public affairs centre on the church square. There official announcements concerning the parish are posted. Similar information is given out there after the service on Sundays. The cattle drink at the village well, and the men at the village inn. The women take no part in public life.

Every farm, whether it stands apart amidst its own fields, or whether it keeps good neighbourly company with others in the village, has an orchard and a small garden near the house. The garden grows vegetables and spices. Its many-hued flowers, pinks and lilies, asters and phlox, crown-imperial, mignonette, sweet-smelling herbs,

Wooden Mould.

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of the senses, its tower reaches up to the heights of immortality.

This church is no sermon in stone, but a building which appeals to every sense and thereby multiplies its eloquence. Its speech can only be heard by those who listen with their inmost souls—there are many thousands who hardly catch the faintest whisper as they hasten past. Yet to everyone, surely, the moment comes when he hears and understands this speech.

Do not confuse yourself with details. Listen only with one ear to the explanations offered you, for the general impression is more important than the parts which go to produce it. But one cannot overlook the old romanesque west front. It stands solemn and massive in comparison with the supporting columns which rise upwards to lose themselves in the delicate tracery of arching windows. There in front, near the small porter's lodge begin the seemingly endless steps leading up to the tower. Behind the water-spewing gargoyles hangs the "Pummerin", a mighty bell which was cast from the metal of Turkish cannons.

Before we enter the Cathedral let us take a quick glance at the exterior. There are niches sheltering figures which look down on us—Jesus on the Cross, the Virgin Mary, and, towards the front, an open air rostrum from which Johannes Capistranus preached a crusade against the Turks. The small door at the side leads to the catacombs. It was at this spot that the body of Mozart was consecrated in 1791. The subterranean chambers are extensive and many-storied. In the crowded city of the Middle Ages it was often necessary to bury the dead below the streets of the city itself. From 1735 to 1783, 12,000 bodies were buried here.

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The North Tower of the Stephansdom has never been completed. Need we regret it? Could one nowadays picture this landmark of Vienna with a second companion tower? Over the Adlerturm